

## Suicide

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## Suicide

by [the\\_real\\_las](#)

### Summary

Everything is too much for Peter Parker, and he finally decides to commit suicide.

# Suicidal

## Chapter Notes

### CHAPTER TRIGGER WARNING: SELF HARM, SELF LOATHING, SUICIDAL IDEATION/TENDENCIES/PLANNING, ETC

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter sat on his bed. An open notebook and abandoned pencil lay beside him. Headphones on, the loud music blocked out the world. It was peaceful. Calming. And Peter loved it. It was his "happy place," if it was even possible for him to have such a place.

To an outsider, Peter would have seemed to be a normal teenager in a normal teenage environment: a messy room, an unmade bed, loud music blocking out the world. No one would ever be able to guess the truth. And this was exactly what Peter needed.

At the sound of a single knock on his door, Peter pulled off his headphones and called, "Come in."

Aunt May opened the door and poked her head into the room. "Hey, Peter," she said. "I have to in to cover a shift. I won't be back until after you leave for school tomorrow. Will you be ok?"

"Yeah, yeah, of course, Aunt May. I'll be fine," Peter replied.

"Ok, Peter. I'm leaving now, so I'll see you tomorrow. I love you."

"I love you too, Aunt May."

She smiled and closed his door. A few minutes later, Peter heard the front door open and close, and the key turn in the lock. He sighed deeply. He was finally alone.

Peter stood up and walked over to his closet. Reaching all the way back, he pulled out a small brown box. Inside was a full bottle of pills. Peter took it out and set it on his desk, then returned the box to its previous hiding place.

His hands were shaking. Badly. A single tear ran down his cheek, but Peter fiercely wiped it away. "Stop crying, you fucking loser," he berated himself. His voice was harsh; the self-loathing in it was clear. "Nobody care about you. You deserve this. It will be better for everyone." Tears continued to fall, as Peter sank onto his knees, head in his hands.

Peter sat crying on the floor for about 10 minutes. When the deep-heaving sobs had finally subsided to small whimpers, he raised his head and wiped his face with his sleeves. A small smile spread across his face, as if he had some secret that no one else could ever guess.

Reaching into the pocket of his jeans, Peter pulled out a tiny silver blade. He pulled up his sleeve, revealing a mess of criss-crossed white scars and angry red cuts in various states of healing. Peter softly moved his thumb over his forearm, feeling all of the raised wounds. He knew it was messed up, but he couldn't help it.

Peter gripped the blade like his life depended on it. He found a small area on his wrist that was still unblemished, and set the cold blade against his skin. Pressing hard, he dragged it across his wrist.

Little droplets of blood welled to the surface almost immediately and rolled down his arm. Peter winced as he sliced his wrist open for a second and a third time.

He stood up and walked into the bathroom, where he wiped his blade clean and returned it to his pocket. He didn't bother to clean up or hide his wrist. Aunt May was gone, so Peter was home alone.

Peter walked back into his room and sat down on the edge of the bed. Hands shaking, he pulled out his phone. After hesitating for a brief moment, he took a deep breathe and dialed Mr. Stark's number.

Three times in a row, Peter was sent straight to voicemail. He decided that he would try one more time. If Mr. Stark didn't pick up, it would confirm for Peter that Mr. Stark didn't care about him. He dialed the number one last time, fully expecting F.R.I.D.A.Y.'s pre-recorded message, telling him that Mr. Stark was busy.

One ring. Two rings. Three rings. Peter's shoulders slumped. Four rings. Then, "Hey, kid."

"H-hey, Mr. Stark," Peter said, his voice barely above a whisper.

"What's up, Peter?" Peter hesitated. Mr. Stark sounded stressed, tired. It was clearly a forced cheerfulness in his voice; he didn't want to be bothered by Peter. "Look, kid, is this important? I'm really busy right now. Kind of in the middle of something important."

Peter took a deep breathe. *He's busy. He doesn't care. He doesn't want to talk to you. You aren't important.* "N-no, it's not important. I'm fine. I'm sorry I bothered you." *I'm sorry I bothered you at all. I'm sorry for bothering you with my existence.*

There was a moment of silence. "You sure, kiddo? You don't sound fine."

"Really, Mr. Stark, I swear I'm fine," Peter lied desperately. *Why did I even bother calling him? He doesn't care. I'm just wasting his time.*

"Ok, Peter. I'll see you later, kiddo."

Peter's goodbye caught in his throat. The phone beeped, signaling the end of the call. A single tear ran down his cheek. Several minutes after the call ended, Peter whispered, "Goodbye, Mr. Stark."

Standing up, Peter walked into the kitchen, took an unopened bottle of water from the fridge, and returned to his room. He pulled a sealed envelope from the brown box that had held the pill bottle and set it on the desk.

## Chapter End Notes

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# The Letter

## Chapter Notes

### CHAPTER TRIGGER WARNING: SELF HARM, SELF LOATHING, GRAPHIC SUICIDE ATTEMPT, ETC

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He pulled a sealed envelope from the brown box that had held the pill bottle and set it on the desk. It was a plain, white envelope, with 'Mr. Stark' neatly printed on the front in pencil. Inside was a handwritten letter to the billionaire.

"Dear Mr. Stark,

I don't really know what to say. How does someone go about writing a suicide note? I don't know. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I wasn't strong enough. Good enough. I'm sorry for being so fucked up. I'm sorry you had to deal with me. I'm sorry for bothering you. I'm sorry for everything. It's all just apologies, isn't it? Sorry after sorry after sorry. I guess when you're a fuck-up, you have a lot of things to be sorry about.

Thank you so much for everything. Honestly, you have no idea how much you meant to me. The only good memories I have of the past two years are being Spider-man and helping you. I can explain about that later. But, seriously, thank you. I cannot express how fucking grateful I am.

You're probably wondering why I finally decided to kill myself. I don't even know where to start on that. I guess it all started when my Uncle Ben was killed when I was 13, in 8th grade. That's when I first started feeling depressed. I brushed it off as nothing important. No one needed to know, so I didn't tell anyone.

My freshman year of high school was the worst. All of a sudden, my depression got 1000 times worse. I developed crippling social anxiety and panic disorder. I started cutting. At first, it was a small cut every now and then. Soon, it was slicing up my wrist multiple times a day. I started experiencing suicide thoughts for the first time. Not enough to act on them, but they were there. Mild suicidal ideation, they call it. Freshman year is also when I started getting bullied relentlessly by Flash. He would make me feel like shit, then beat me up. Every. Single. Fucking. Day. And of course, when I got my powers in about November of that year, and Flash realized that I didn't bruise (they actually just healed really quickly), it was so much worse.

And now this year. Every day, I slice my wrist up, trying to get rid of the pain. Trying to feel something other than this fucking numbness. I barely feel real anymore. Every day, I have panic attacks in the school bathroom. In my room at night. Every day, I wake up wishing I didn't. I didn't ask for this, Mr. Stark. I didn't want this. Why can't I just be normal? Is that too much to ask?

I'm sorry, Mr. Stark. I'm so sorry. I don't want to go, Mr. Stark. I just want to get better. But I know it can't get better. This is the only way. So don't mourn. Don't cry. Don't pity me. I don't deserve it.

- Peter"

Peter sat down on the edge of his bed, water and pill bottle in hand. He shook out a handful of pills

and quickly swallowed them. A second, then a third, then a fourth handful of pills followed the first. Peter's hands were shaking uncontrollably. The pill bottle fell to the floor, the few remaining pills spilling out. The open bottle of water tipped, wetting the soft blue quilt.

Still shaking terribly, Peter fished his blade out of his pocket. He pulled up his sleeves and viciously slashed at his already mutilated left wrist. He hissed as the blade sliced open his skin, far deeper than he had ever cut before. The blood poured out of the open gash. Quickly, his right wrist, which he had never even scratched before, received the same brutal treatment as the left. Both wrists now poured blood all over the bed, the floor, and Peter himself. Peter felt himself growing light-headed and dizzy, the combination of his overdose and the blood loss.

He tried to stand, but collapsed onto the hard wooden floor. His breathing grew extremely heavy and labored, more like panting. Sweat covered his face, which was contorted in agony. "Mr. Stark," he gasped, "I'm sorry."

Peter groaned. The pain was absolutely unbearable. There were no words to express it. He was so hot. Sweat dripped off his heaving brow. He curled into a small ball on the floor, rocking back and forth from the pain. Against his will, a scream of agony burst from Peter's lips. Tears streamed down his cheeks, mixing with the sweat and blood on the floor. "I'm sorry," he whispered one last time. "I'm sorry."

Peter's phone rang. The screen lit up with the name and contact photo of one Tony Stark. The phone went unanswered, however. No one was there to answer it.

## Chapter End Notes

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# Tony

## Chapter Notes

### CHAPTER TRIGGER WARNING: SELF HARM, SELF LOATHING, GRAPHIC SUICIDE ATTEMPT, ETC

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a normal Wednesday afternoon for Tony Stark. He had been awake for 36 hours straight, working on a new suit idea. In those 36 hours, he had consumed exactly 1 slice of cold pizza. So close to his breakthrough with the suit, Tony had ordered F.R.I.D.A.Y to keep everyone out of his lab and to send all calls straight to voicemail, no questions asked. Except for Pepper, of course. Damn, that woman scared him.

"Boss, there's a call-" began F.R.I.D.A.Y.

"I don't care. You heard what I said, F.R.I.D.A.Y. All calls straight to voicemail. Don't bother me about it," Tony cut her off, very impatient.

About a minute later, she spoke again. "Boss, there's a fourth call from the same caller."

"Damn it, F.R.I.D.A.Y.! Who is it?"

"Peter Parker, sir.""

"Fine, I'll take it." He paused, grabbing his phone. "Hey, kid," he said, forcing the cheerfulness into his voice.

"H-hey, Mr. Stark." Tony could barely hear the response. That was so unlike ever, who was always full of energy and excitement, usually talking so fast that he was barely able to be understood.

"What's up, Peter?" This wasn't like Peter, and Tony was worried. When Peter didn't reply, which was even more unlike him, Tony sighed. "Look, kid, is this important? I'm really busy right now."

There was another pause. Tony could hear Peter's breath catch. "N-no, it's not important. I'm fine. I'm sorry I bothered you."

Peter was not fine, Tony could tell. But he didn't want to press the issue. "You sure, kiddo? You don't sound find."

"Really, Mr. Stark, I swear, I'm fine." That was a lie. Tony heard his voice move higher, a dead giveaway that he was lying. That was something Peter would never be good at.

Tony knew that pushing Peter to tell what was wrong would only result in the boy closing himself off even more. "Ok, Peter. I'll see you later, kiddo." There were several moments of silence. When he realized that Peter wasn't going to say anything, Tony ended the call.

He set his phone down on a nearby table. He tried to start working again, but he couldn't focus on his suit. His mind kept returning to Peter After 15 minutes of being unable to work, he dropped his pencil, crumpled up the stack of old blueprints he had been going through, threw them at the wall,

turned and kicked his chair, then slumped down in it. Head in hands, he sighed deeply. "Damn it, F.R.I.D.A.Y.," he said. "Something was wrong with Peter. I know it. I can feel it. Something's not right. Why would he call me four times, then pretend everything's fine when it's obviously not, and hang up without saying anything. That's not like him."

He stood up and started pacing back and forth, back and forth, mind racing. Finally, he stopped. "Fuck, I'm an idiot," he said. "I'll just call him. He'll probably pick up in half a second."

Quickly, Tony grabbed his phone and called Peter. One ring. Two rings. Three rings. Four rings. Then, Peter's cheerful, happy voicemail message, so different from his phone call. "Shit," muttered Tony. "Shit, shit, shit. He never misses a call. Not from me, not from Happy. Oh, shit. Something's definitely wrong."

Tony called his suit to him. "F.R.I.D.A.Y., where did Peter's call come from?" As his suit came to him, he silently begged his phone to ring.

"He called from his apartment, Boss," F.R.I.D.A.Y. replied. "His phone and suit are still there."

Tony flew as fast as he possibly could, willing his suit to go faster every second of the way. The 10 minutes that it took him to reach the apartment were the longest minutes of his life. Upon arriving at Peter's apartment, he knocked on the door for a straight 30 seconds. "Peter, are you in there? Peter, please let me in," he called desperately. His voice was heartbreaking. He was so close to breaking down. And Tony Stark never cried. "Peter," he called one last time, "let me in or I'm going to break down the door."

When Peter didn't come to the door, Tony took a step backwards, raised his hand, and blasted the front door off of its hinges. He stepped out of his suit and rushed into the house. "Peter, he called. "Peter, please, where are you?" His chest was tight, his voice laced with fear and desperation.

He ran straight to Peter's bedroom. The door was closed and locked. Without hesitating, he slammed his shoulder into the door, sending it falling freely to the floor. He looked into the room, praying to see Peter. When he did, his heart stopped.

Peter lay on the floor, completely unmoving. Tony took everything in at once. Peter's still body, curled in a ball on the floor, face still contorted in agony. The open pill bottle on the floor, a few pills spilling out onto the floor. The pools of blood, coming from the massive, gaping wounds on his wrists. The pale, pale skin covered in a sickly sheen of sweat. The tear tracks still glistening on his cheeks.

Tony sank to his knees. "No, no, no" he whispered. "Why, Peter? Why, damn it? Why didn't you say something? Why didn't I notice something?" He was now sobbing. Slowly, he made his way over to Peter and cradled his body to his chest. "Fuck, Peter, why would you do this to me?" The tears were streaming down his face. "Damn it, Peter, I love you kiddo. Why would you do this?"

Looking down, Tony noticed the many cuts and scars covering Peter's left wrist. As gently as he could, he brushed his finger tips over them. He shook his head. "Why, Pete? Why would you hurt yourself like this?" It broke Tony's heart. What could possibly make his happy, cheerful, wonderful little Peter feel the need to hurt himself like this? A fresh wave of tears spilled over his face. Tony didn't even attempt to wipe them away. They fell to the floor, mixing with the pools of Peter's own blood and sweat and tears. "I love you, Peter," he whispered. "I love you so much, kiddo. Why didn't you come to me? How could I have failed you this badly?"

Tony slowly lifted himself to his feet, looking around for any sort of message from Peter. His gaze fell on the envelope on the desk, bearing his own name in Peter's neat print. Damn it, he knew that

handwriting so well. How many times had Peter helped him with plans?

Barely able to walk properly, Tony stumbled over to the desk and picked up the envelope. Fingers trembling, he opened it and pulled out the letter from Peter. He slumped down in Peter's chair, unfolded the paper, and, bracing himself, began to read it aloud.

"Dear Mr. Stark, I don't really know what to say. How does someone go about writing a suicide note?" *They don't, Peter. They get help. They tell someone. They talk to someone who cares. I care, Peter. Why didn't you come to me?* "I don't know." *You shouldn't have to.* "I'm sorry. I'm sorry I wasn't strong enough. Good enough. I'm sorry for being so fucked up. I'm sorry you had to deal with me. I'm sorry for bothering you. I'm sorry for everything. It's all just apologies, isn't it? Sorry after sorry after sorry. I guess when you're a fuck-up, you have a lot of things to be sorry about." *Peter, you have nothing to be sorry for. You shouldn't have had to deal with all this shit by yourself. You aren't fucked up. None of that is true.*

"Thank you so much for everything. Honestly, you have no idea how much you meant to me." *Then why didn't you come to me?* "The only good memories I have of the past two years are being Spider-man and helping you." *Oh, Peter.* "I can explain about that later. But, seriously, thank you. I cannot express how fucking grateful I am." *You wouldn't have to try if you weren't writing a suicide note, Pete.*

"You're probably wondering why I finally decided to kill myself." *Finally? Oh, Peter, why didn't you talk to someone? Oh, Peter.* "I don't even know where to start on that." *Because you shouldn't have to.* "I guess it all started when my Uncle Ben was killed when I was 13, in 8th grade. That's when I first started feeling depressed. I brushed it off as nothing important." *You're smarter than that, kiddo.* "No one needed to know, so I didn't tell anyone." *But that's not true. There are so many people who want to help you, Pete. So many people who care.*

"My freshman year of high school was the worst. All of a sudden, my depression got 1000 times worse." *That's why you should have told someone right away, kid.* "I developed crippling social anxiety and panic disorder." *Oh, Peter. I know how terrifying that is. And it's so much worse when you're alone.* "I started cutting. At first, it was a small cut every now and then. Soon, it was slicing up my wrist multiple times a day." *Shit, kid, why didn't you say something? No one should ever feel like they need physical pain to escape the emotional pain.* "I started experiencing suicide thoughts for the first time. Not enough to act on them, but they were there. Mild suicidal ideation, they call it." *And that's how you know it's serious. It feels like you're going fucking insane.* "Freshman year is also when I started getting bullied relentlessly by Flash." *As if you didn't already have enough shit to deal with.* "He would make me feel like shit, then beat me up. Every. Single. Fucking. Day." *Why didn't you report him?* "And of course, when I got my powers in about November of that year, and Flash realized that I didn't bruise (they actually just healed really quickly), it was so much worse." *Fuck, Peter.*

"And now this year. Every day, I slice my wrist up, trying to get rid of the pain. Trying to feel something other than this fucking numbness. I barely feel real anymore." *Why, Peter? Why didn't you go to someone? How did I not notice?* "Every day, I have panic attacks in the school bathroom. In my room at night." *I'm so sorry, Peter. I know how terrifying that is.* "Every day, I wake up wishing I didn't. I didn't ask for this, Mr. Stark. I didn't want this." Tears rolled down his cheeks. "Why can't I just be normal? Is that too much to ask?" *No, it's not. It's the least you deserve, Peter.*

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stark. I'm so sorry." *You have nothing to be sorry for. It's my fault. I should have noticed.* "I don't want to go, Mr. Stark. I just want to get better. But I know it can't get better." *Maybe if you had come to someone, we could help you.* "This is the only way." *No it's not.* "So don't mourn. Don't cry. Don't pity me." *No can do, kiddo. I love you too much to do that.* "I don't



deserve it, Peter." *Yes, you do. You deserve the world, Peter. Why can't you see that?*

Tony was in shock. How could he have not noticed the hell that Peter was going through every day? How had he never noticed the cuts on his arm? How could he have failed to noticed that Peter had given up long ago? Fuck, Peter was 15. What 15-year-old should have to deal with all that, especially alone? He should have been sneaking out and going to parties at night, not having panic attacks alone in his room. There is not way in hell he should have felt the need to cause himself physical pain. Why Peter? Why his Peter?

"I'm sorry, Peter," murmured Tony. "I failed you. This is my fault. I should have noticed. You deserved the world, not this shit. I'm so fucking sorry."

Tony slid onto the floor next to Peter's body, completely and utterly heartbroken. For the first time in his life, Tony Stark had no clue what to do. This is what finally broke him.

## Chapter End Notes

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# May

## Chapter Notes

### CHAPTER TRIGGER WARNING: TALK ABOUT SUICIDE

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tony didn't know how long he stayed beside Peter's body. Finally, he roused himself. "F.R.I.D.A.Y.," he said, "call an ambulance and report of the suicide of Peter Parker." His voice cracked. Saying those words had finally made it real for him. Peter was dead. He had killed himself, and he was never going to come back. He was gone.

"Done," replied his A.I. "An ambulance is on the way. Estimated arrival is 10 minutes."

Tony nodded. "I need to call May," he realized. "Damn it, this is going to be hard."

He pulled out his phone, took a few deep breaths, and dialed May's number. "Pick up, pick up, please pick up," he whispered. Each second exponentially increased the anxiety building in his chest. After what seemed like an eternity, though it was only a few moments, May answered the call.

"Tony, hey," she said. "You're lucky, I'm in the middle of a shift right now, but I've got 15 minutes of break. I haven't heard from you in while. How are you doing?"

"May," Tony began, then stopped. "May, I don't know how to tell you this, but-"

May cut him off. "What happened? Is it Peter? Is he ok?"

"No," Tony murmured, his response barely audible.

"Shit, Tony, what happened? Please, tell me," she pleaded.

"Peter, Peter, he-" Tony started crying. How would he be able to tell May?

"What happened, Tony? What happened to my boy?"

Tony took a deep breath. "May, he's gone."

"What?" May's tone was one of complete and utter disbelief.

"He's gone, May. He killed himself. He's gone, May!" Tony was sobbing. "He's gone." His voice trailed off; only the sound of his weeping remained.

"No," whispered May. "Don't say that, Tony. Tell me it's not true! Please!"

Tony was silent. He heard the sound of May crying softly. "I'm coming home right now," she said. "Are you with him? Are you at the apartment?"

"Y-yeah," said Tony, gruffly.

"Ok," said May. "I'll be there in a few minutes." Then, she hung up.

Tony looked down sadly at Peter's still body. "Oh, Peter," he sighed. "I'm so sorry. I failed you, Peter. I should have been there for you. And I wasn't."

Tony wasn't sure how long he sat on the floor. He started blankly at Peter's body. The tears had stopped, but his thoughts were still racing. *How did this happen? Why, Peter? How did I not notice?*

A loud knocking on the door startled Tony out of his thoughts. Slowly, painfully, he walked to the door. It was the EMTs. "Tony Stark?" one of them asked. The man nodded wearily. "Are you the one who reported the suicide of Peter Parker?" Again, Tony nodded. He lead them into Peter's bedroom, but returned to the living room to wait.

They talked to him, he thought, but he was running on autopilot, not really aware of what was happening. Until May arrived. With a single glance at Tony, May's last, desperate hope that it wasn't true vanished. Peter was dead. *Her* Peter, her little boy, was had killed himself, and none of them had ever noticed anything out of the ordinary. A 15-year-old kid had felt that death was the only escape, and none of them had been there for him. Peter was dead. Nothing could bring him back. He was gone.

## Chapter End Notes

IMPORTANT TRIGGER WARNING NOTICE:

PLEASE DON'T READ THIS FIC IF IT MIGHT BE TRIGGERING FOR YOU  
(INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO SELF HARM, SUICIDE, DEPRESSION, &  
ANXIETY)

# Epilogue

## Chapter Notes

### CHAPTER TRIGGER WARNING: SELF HARM

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tony sat on the dark red chair in his bedroom, his head in his hands. "I don't know what to do, Peter," he said, to no one in particular. "I'm worried about her. She's pushing us away. I can't let it happen to her."

A soft knock on the door startled Tony out of his thoughts. "Daddy?" Morgan Parker Stark poked her head through the door.

He looked up to see tears running down the 14-year-old's cheeks, and his heart broke a little. "What's wrong, Morgan? Come here." She walked slowly into the room, then flung herself at Tony, burying her face in his chest and sobbing. "Morgan, what's wrong?"

"I-I-I can't do this," she sobbed.

"What are you talking about, M?"

Her breath shook as she pulled herself away from Tony. "I'm-I'm sorry, Dad," she cried.

"Wh-why?"

She held out her arm, unwilling to meet his eyes. He looked down, and his heart stopped. There were 4 fresh, deep, bleeding cuts on her wrist. "Why, Morgan? Why?"

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she whimpered.

"Shh, it's ok," he whispered. "I'm not mad." He took a deep breath, willing himself not to cry. It was yet another kid that he was responsible for, and he had failed. Again. "Thank you for watching her, Pete," he whispered, quietly enough that she couldn't hear. "It's ok, Morgan. Let's go get you cleaned up. It'll all be ok. I'm so glad you came to me."

"I love you, Daddy," she whispered.

Tony leaned down and kissed the top of her head. "I love you too, Morgan."

## Chapter End Notes

first of all, i'm so sorry it's been literally forever since i updated. my mental health hasn't been great, especially during quarantine, so i've been trying (and not really succeeding) to work on that. but here's the epilogue, finally! thank you so much for sticking with me. i absolutely love this story, and i hope you do to. i love seeing all of your comments, they honestly make my day. stay safe, stay sane, take care of yourself.

eat something, drink some water, take your meds. love you all. xolyn

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!